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# Echo: Echo: The Adolescent; Echo: The Woman

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## Echo

### ECHO: THE ADOLESCENT

He'll never look at me, I just know it.  
Yet I could stand here, like the merest leaf  
Until my feelings murmur in their grief:  
*Love you, love you, love you.* I don't regret  
The offerings I leave in watered shrine:  
He touches them, the things that once were mine.

Don't give me pity but the surest way  
To make him kiss me, see himself in me.  
They say, *Narcissus sees his own reflection,*  
And then, *Narcissus will only break your heart.*  
*My heart*, I say. If he finds satisfaction  
In the rippling of my skin, I'll play that part.  
Someday he'll see me too. In my body's glass  
He'll see the woman there beneath the surface.

### ECHO: THE WOMAN

He didn't see me, nor has ever seen  
The self I offered; now I want to leave.  
*I can't, I can't, I can't.* The reflection in  
My mirror stops me, makes me want to grieve  
For who I was and what I'll never have.  
Who will want me now? Who will know to love  
The girl who sang her love song on her grave?

He liked the first encounter. Love was thin,  
But love is love. That was my theory then.  
Now my dreams are different: not a man  
Whose love is practice. Instead a bookish one,  
A man who knows the way to love a woman,  
Beyond the body, but through the body's skin.  
To him I'll say: *Again, again, again.*